

THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Courtesy.*



MR. CHAFFIN AT SANDY FRITH.

STRAIGHT TO THE MARK.

CHAPTER XI.—SANDY FRITH.

Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.

—Coleridge.

IT may be remembered that when Mr. Chaffin took leave of Tom Howard at the Abbotscliff station, after he had introduced him to his son, he proceeded on his journey by rail, his destination being a small No. 1441.—AUGUST 9, 1879.

sea-side place called Sandy Frith. The contractor had taken a great fancy to Sandy Frith, and expected to make money there. His attention had been first attracted to it by the report of some London men, who had spent a few hours on the spot, and who, conceiving that it possessed all the attractions necessary for a first-class watering-place, had formed a limited liability company for the purchase of land and the erection of buildings. Mr. Chaffin had an appointment to meet the directors of this new com-

PRICE ONE PENNY.

pany at Sandy Frith and to go over the ground with them as a preliminary to laying out the estate and the shareholders' money.

"Ha!" said Mr. Chaffin, as he shook hands with some of the gentlemen who had come down from London at the station. "Ha! You see at once what is wanted to begin with. There is not an hotel for us to go to; there is not even a refreshment bar at the station. I was going to ask you what you would take; but it would only be a disappointment. We must attend to that the first thing."

"Is there not an inn of any kind?" one of the directors asked.

"There's the Jolly Dolphin, kept by Joe Brimmer," the station-master answered; "and another little place or two; but a good hotel is very much wanted near the station."

"I know all about it," said Mr. Stride, the zealous and indefatigable secretary, bustling up to them. "I have taken all necessary steps. You will find that everything you can require has been provided, and the best room at the Jolly Dolphin engaged. We can go there at once if you like; or have a walk round the town first, and refresh afterwards, whichever you prefer."

"Business first," appeared to be the general sentiment; and the whole party, about a dozen in number, including Mr. Chaffin and two young men in his employment armed with surveying instruments, proceeded on their tour of inspection.

Sandy Frith was situated on the margin of a picturesque bay, looking towards the south, with a high foreland to the east and another to the west. The shore sloped very gradually, and beyond the first margin of shingle the sands were hard and admirably adapted for bathing. There was an irregular formation of high ground at the back of the little cluster of houses of which, at the time of which we are now speaking, the town of Sandy Frith consisted. In one or two places it was so steep as to be almost precipitous, offering splendid "outlooks," as Mr. Chaffin called them, where seats for invalids and excursionists could be placed, with a balustrade in front. Mr. Oram had a book of patterns with him, both of seats and palisades, and exhibited them on the spot. Roads were practicable from the beach to the summit, and charming spots for villas were pointed out at different elevations. The sea view was magnificent—a "fine sea" every one pronounced it—and you could not look round you without seeing it. There was not much else to be seen at present. There were no trees; but you do not want trees by the sea-side, except a few along the streets to give it a foreign character, and those could be planted at so much a dozen as soon as there were streets to plant them in. Everything else could be supplied in the same manner. The greater the deficiencies, whether of nature or art, the more room for enterprise. There was the sea, and that was sufficient to begin with.

The general plan of the proposed town was discussed from a height which commanded a view of the whole panorama, and the directors grew very enthusiastic and excited, as Mr. Chaffin's "young men" made a rapid sketch-map of the locality, marking its chief undulations, and proceeded afterwards to write down the several sites upon which the chief buildings, public and private, might advantageously be erected. By the time they had been at their work an hour or so, it might have been supposed by any one who looked over their paper that the town of Sandy Frith,

or Abbotsville as it was proposed to call it, had already assumed the proportions of a large and fashionable watering-place. There was the "crescent," occupying a semicircular sweep in the cliff, "made by nature for the express purpose." There was the grand hotel, with an esplanade, for the construction of which there was to be a distinct and separate company, also "limited." There was the bathing establishment, with hot, cold, and shower baths. There was the pier, which, judging from its proportions on the plan, was to run out a mile into the sea, at least. There was the assembly room, the circulating library, the bazaar; in fact there was everything that could possibly be required, and perhaps more.

"And yet," said the secretary, "there is one thing wanting still."

"What's that?" the chairman asked.

"What we are not likely to get—a spa."

"A spa! Mineral waters? Oh, we can do without them."

"We could do better with them. They have a great charm for some people. A spa and a German band are a great attraction."

"Why should we not have a spa?" said one of the party, a thin, sad-looking man, with dull eyes and pale cheeks, and a face the shape of a flat-iron. "Why should we not have a spa? I have a spa in my house in London, in the cellar. I can make a spa anywhere."

The speaker, whose name was Dodder, might, from the colourless appearance of his cheeks, have been weaned on spa water, and tasted no other nourishment ever since.

"Artificial spas won't do," said the chairman.

"They are as good as the natural ones, and even better," Mr. Dodder answered; "because you can make them of any strength and flavour that you like."

"That's a great advantage," said Mr. Chaffin. There was not much doubt about the strength and flavour which he would have liked.

"I wish we could have a real spa, though," the secretary repeated.

"Leave it to me," said Dodder; "who knows but such a thing may be found if we look for it in the right place?"

Other business now called for attention, and when this was disposed of the party betook themselves to the Jolly Dolphin, in the club-room of which a banquet was prepared for them. Mr. Stride had spoken truly when he said that the preparations he had made would be found satisfactory. The long table, laden with good things, if it did not absolutely groan with the weight of the feast, staggered under it, resting upon trestles and being somewhat shaky, as if it had stolen a march upon the guests, and partaken freely of the wines and spirits which had been prepared for their refectation. Three or four waiters, who had accompanied the party from a neighbouring town, were running about with the regulation napkin under their arms, and many bottles with tinselled heads were stowed away in ice-pails, from which they appeared to be looking out to see whether the waiters were coming soon to uncork them. It was a very prosperous company, for the moment, at all events; and many of those present congratulated themselves more than they had ever done before that they belonged to it. "Limited!" Yes; in a legal sense it might be, but not in the matter of luncheons. The directors were only "provisional" at present; they

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looked it and acted it, and their "provisional" secretary had done his providing well. The scramble on the cliffs had given them appetites too, and that was another pleasing proof of the soundness of their undertaking. Everybody would go to Sandy Frith as soon as the appetising properties of the air should be known, especially if such luncheons could be always calculated upon. Mr. Dodder proposed to take a sample of the air away with him in a bottle to analyse it. Such air as that would be a fortune to the shareholders. He suggested that they should compress a great many "volumes" of it into a metallic ozonised vessel, and keep it in the office of the company in London, to be let off in whiffs whenever anybody of consequence should come in to inquire about the shares. The effect would be very satisfactory, he thought.

"It would help to puff the company, at all events," Mr. Stride remarked. He was always rather talkative, and sometimes allowed his wit to go beyond his judgment.

"The company does not require puffing, Mr. Stride," the chairman remarked, severely. "We are above anything of that kind, I should hope."

They all hoped so, and Mr. Stride excused himself as best he could; and the company then sat down to regale themselves upon something more substantial than sea air.

"Well, but about that spa?" Mr. Dodder began again, after the wine had circulated.

Nobody paid any attention to him. They were talking about the pier, the hotel, the crescent, and the baths, each one bringing forward that portion of the programme which touched his own interest or fancy most nearly. Mr. Chaffin, whose opinion was generally invoked, replied in turn to each of them. He was ready to contract for everything; there was nothing he could not do easily and quickly. Why, the whole place might be run up and occupied in a twelvemonth; before next season if they liked. Money could do anything, and he was willing to take a fair proportion of all contracts in shares at par.

There was a difference of opinion about the pier. Mr. Chaffin thought it should be built of stone. He was in treaty with the owners of a quarry in the neighbourhood, but he did not mention that. Mr. Oram preferred iron, while Mr. Oakenshore, who had a large American and Baltic trade, said there was "nothing like timber." The several speakers expressed their opinions so plainly and decidedly upon the disadvantages and defects of the materials advocated by each of the others that it might almost have been doubted whether any material at all could be found worth using, and consequently whether any pier would ever be built; and the debate had already begun to wax warm, when a gentleman who had hitherto been listening in silence interrupted them.

"If you will allow me to make a suggestion," he said, "I think I could mention a material which has a great future before it, and which is capable of developments beyond anything that has yet been made public."

"You are not going to recommend glass, to be sure?" cried Oram.

The person addressed, who was none other than Mr. Glimmers, the great glass man, as he was called, hesitated a moment, then plucked up courage, and resumed.

"No, sir," he said; "I am not going to recommend it, if only for this reason, that I have glass works of my own, as you know. I would scorn to make a proposal of a public nature for my own personal advantage, but I will say that glass is available for many more purposes than is generally supposed, and that we are now making glass tubes of a strength and diameter that would surprise you. I believe I could manufacture pillars of glass which would carry any weight that is likely to be put upon them. The smoothness of the material would offer no opposition to the waves; a pier built upon glass would be rigid and immovable; there would be no corrosion as there is with iron [looking at Mr. Oram], nor decay, as there is with timber [glancing at Mr. Oakenshore], nor disintegration, as there is with stone [addressing Mr. Chaffin]. The pillars, once down, would last for ever. In short, I do not hesitate to say that a more suitable material could not be found."

The directors looked at Mr. Glimmers with curiosity, hardly knowing whether he were in jest or in earnest. At length the chairman addressed him. "It is a grand idea," he said; "a pier founded upon glass pillars would be all that you describe it—firm, incorrodible, imperishable. There is only one thing against it, and that is, that if it were struck by a heavy sea, or by a vessel lurching against it, it would snap short off at once. Glass is brittle."

"I don't deny it," said Mr. Glimmers; "glass is brittle, but that is its only fault. If you can find any material that is without fault mention it."

Having thrown out this challenge, Mr. Glimmers sat down without saying another word, and nobody knows to this day whether he was speaking seriously or not.

"Well, but about that spa," Mr. Dodder said again, taking advantage of the silence which followed.

At every pause of the conversation he made the same remark. "I would not go anywhere myself," he said, "without a spa. Why, Mr. Chaffin, I have heard you say there ought to be a spa. What are you going to do about a spa?"

His persistence on this topic prevailed at last, and Mr. Chaffin said they must see about it. One of the "provisionals" remarked, with a laugh, that a spa would be found somewhere, no doubt, if the contractor and Mr. Dodder put their heads together. Science could do anything!

"Just so," said Dodder; "just so. Leave it to Mr. Chaffin and myself; we will take it into consideration and make a report on the subject. Mr. Stride will perhaps be good enough to make a note of that in his minute-book."

The time was now approaching when the return train would be due, and the company having for the moment dismissed their differences and finished their wine, made preparations for departure. One of them, feeling very thirsty—notwithstanding the liquors he had consumed—called the waiter and bade him bring a glass of water. It was brought, but it did not look very bright or clear. He tasted it, made a wry face, tasted it again, and finally put it down.

"Bring me some fresh water, waiter," he said; "this is not fit to drink."

"It is quite fresh, sir; it's the best we can get," said the waiter.

"What do you mean?"

"All the water hereabout is brackish," said Mr.

Brimmer, the landlord, with a smile; "it's not fit for human beings to drink; it has to be boiled and filtered, and I don't know what, to make it wholesome; and then it isn't pleasant to the taste—leastways, I never could abear to drink any of it myself. It's very good for brewing, but for nothing else."

There was a general excitement among the company at this unexpected remark. The directors had thought of everything else, and had arranged everything else satisfactorily—even to a "spa;" but the question of a supply of good fresh water had entirely escaped them.

"It is a very serious point," said the chairman. "Mr. Stride, how is it that you did not think about the water?"

"I don't know, really," said the secretary; "I have so many other things to think about. I wonder Mr. Chaffin did not go into that question."

"I'm not a water-drinker myself," said Chaffin.

They were none of them water-drinkers apparently, but they all tasted the dull-looking, objectionable fluid which Mr. Brimmer, with evident gusto, handed round to them, and all agreed that there was "something particular" about it. Mr. Dodder desired that some of the empty bottles which were lying about should be well washed and then filled from the different wells in the town, that he might take them away and analyse the contents. "We shall perhaps find one or two good samples among them," he said. "I hope so, for it's a very serious point—a very serious point, indeed."

They all agreed with him, and with gloomy looks took their way towards the railway-station. A dismal silence prevailed amongst the directors as they went along, for they felt that the company from which they had anticipated such large profits was in jeopardy. Fresh water, little as they might care for it individually, was an essential that could not be dispensed with; no watering-place could thrive without water. It was a great pity they had not thought of it before. Hotels, crescents, piers, villa residences; how could they flourish without water?

"It would do for the spa," said Mr. Dodder, as he took his bottles with him into the carriage, carefully labelled and sealed. "It would not signify much what the water was like for the spa; and it would do for soda and potash and lithia; there would be a great demand for these. There's some good to be got out of everything."

But even Mr. Dodder was not satisfied; for sodas and potashes and lithias are but luxuries after all, whatever they may be made of. Folks must have pure water—pure at least in its outward appearance—for common use. Without it Sandy Frith could never become popular or populous; and Mr. Dodder, with all his chemical knowledge and skill, could not manufacture so much as a teaspoonful of that pure, fresh, palatable, wholesome water which rises out the ground almost everywhere and in abundance for our use.

Mr. Chaffin remained behind to make further inquiries, and to take such steps as might be advisable. They had never doubted that there would be "plenty of water, of course," they said, one and all; if not, they would have begun with that, instead of walking about looking for sites. But the fact was they had never thought about it; the question had not entered their heads. We are so bountifully supplied with all things necessary to our existence that we are apt to be forgetful of them, or to receive

them as if they came to us from some inevitable law of nature without any exercise of Divine Providence. Light, air, wholesome water, bread to eat, raiment to put on, are, with most of us, things of course; and it is only when, from some cause or other, they fail that we recognise their value. Common blessings, as they are the most necessary and the most abundant, ought to claim our highest thanks and praise; and yet too frequently they are the last to be remembered and acknowledged; we take them and use them "of course."

CHAPTER XII.—THE SHIPYARD.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!
—Shakespeare.

ALTHOUGH the stake which Mr. Chaffin had proposed to himself in the Sandy Frith Land, Building, and General Improvement and Investment Company, Limited, was not a large one, yet he had expected to reap great profits in carrying out the objects of the association, and had already made engagements with landholders in the neighbourhood, which he thought would give him almost a monopoly of stone and lime, and other necessities for building. It was of importance to him, therefore, as well as to the shareholders, that the project should be successful, and he was as anxious as any of the promoters that good water should be found. Mr. Chaffin had sunk many ordinary wells in other places, and had also carried out some deep boring operations under the direction of competent engineers. He had kept his eyes and ears open, according to his custom, and had picked up sufficient scientific knowledge, as he thought, to be able to "go a prospecting" on his own account now, in search of a water supply.

After parting from his friends, therefore, at the railway-station, he returned towards Sandy Frith, walking slowly and thoughtfully, and pausing from time to time to take a view of the land, to observe the dip, as he called it, and to theorise upon the probable nature of the underlying strata. Having made a few notes, he returned to the Jolly Dolphin and engaged a bed there, intending to be up early the next morning and to have another look round before departing. An hour or two of daylight yet remained, and he intended to make use of that by going about among the inhabitants and gathering such information on the important topic as they might be able to afford.

Suddenly he remembered the shipyard. Mr. Dean, he thought, from Tom Howard's account of him, must be an old inhabitant; he had been born and brought up in the place, and his father and grandfather had carried on the shipbuilding business before him. He must, therefore, be well up in all the traditions of the neighbourhood. He resolved to go and see him.

The shipyard was soon found. It was the only place of the kind in the town, and was, of course, down by the shore. There were three or four small vessels on the stocks or undergoing repair, and six or seven men at work upon them; and Mr. Chaffin was attracted to the spot by the sound of axes and hammers. In addition to the shops and sheds, there was a good house, surrounded by a well-kept garden, adjoining the yard, and everything about it betokened prosperity and comfort. Mr. Chaffin paused to look about him as he approached the spot, and could not help being struck with the pleasantness of the situation. A little removed from the other cottages,

the ground rising gradually from the sea, a fine stretch of hard sand in front of it, and the hills clothed with trees and herbage at the rear. The company's property did not extend so far as this. They had bought their estate from a neighbouring squire, to whom nearly the whole of the little town belonged, and had not concerned themselves about the two or three small freeholders of whom Mr. Dean was one. But now Mr. Chaffin began to look with a covetous eye upon the shipyard and its belongings.

"It's one of the best sites in the place," he said. "It's worth double as much per yard as any other. I wonder whether this man Dean would part with it?"

This man Dean was there to answer the question, if Mr. Chaffin had ventured to propose it; but he knew better than to go at it in such a blundering straightforward way as that. So he seated himself upon a piece of timber, as if tired with his walk, and took off his hat to let the cool sea breeze play upon his forehead.

After he had been for some time watching the workmen, the door of the house opened and a young woman came tripping along the garden path, and leaning over the paling, exchanged a few words with one of the artificers, who, though hard at work, with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, might easily be recognised as the master.

"That's his sister," Chaffin said to himself. "That's Miss Dean. The young lad said he had a sister. I'll introduce myself."

He rose and sauntered towards them, replacing his hat that he might take it off again as he approached the lady. The introducing was easily accomplished, and Mr. Chaffin proceeded to speak of the boy, a schoolfellow of his son's at Abbotscliff, who had mentioned Mr. Dean's name to him.

"Howard?" said the shipbuilder. "I don't know any one of that name. Do you, Lucy?"

"He came ashore last night from a ship that was passing down Channel."

"What ship?" Lucy exclaimed, in a moment.

"The Neptune; Captain Broad."

"Oh, dear! where is he?"

"Captain Broad?"

"Yes; no; the boy of course—the boy. Where is he?"

"At Abbotscliff."

"What brought him ashore?"

"The pilot's boat."

"Oh yes; but I mean, why did he come? Who came with him?"

"Nobody; he was put ashore by himself."

"But why? Was there anything the matter?"

"Oh no; don't be uneasy; nothing the matter with the captain, nor with anybody else."

Lucy Dean stood looking at the speaker with eager eyes and heightened colour, as if longing to hear more, but Mr. Chaffin had not much more to tell her. The boy had friends aboard, and had been indulged with a passage so far in the ship. The captain had told him about Mr. Dean at Sandy Frith, and he was coming to see them some day.

"Was there any message?" Lucy asked.

Mr. Chaffin could not say. Lucy had fancied that there might be a letter or something; if so, the young gentleman, she thought, would bring it himself. She wished she could see the young gentleman. He would be coming some day soon, no doubt. She did not say all this aloud, but Mr. Chaffin read it in

her face, as with downcast eyes she occupied herself in playing with a ring upon the fourth finger of the left-hand—not a wedding-ring yet, but symptomatic of one to come. The contractor, although anything but sentimental, was of quick observation, and had guessed Lucy's secret already.

"We are very rude to you, sir," Lucy said, presently, as if waking from a dream, "keeping you standing here. Do come in. Josh will be in in a minute or two; he has been working late this evening, but has knocked off now;" and she led the way through the garden to the front door, the contractor following.

Lucy took him into the parlour, where a very neat old lady was sitting with her knitting before her. She had a row of little curls over her forehead, surmounted by a large, comfortable-looking cap; her neck was encased in muslin, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted well with her old-fashioned, well-worn, but still handsome black silk dress. Lucy introduced her to Mr. Chaffin as her mother, and Mr. Chaffin was introduced to the old lady as a gentleman who had seen a young gentleman who had seen Captain Broad, and had just come ashore from the Neptune. Old Mrs. Dean was very deaf, and this long description had to be repeated two or three times before she could take it all in, which might have been embarrassing to anybody else, but Mr. Chaffin did not mind it at all, and stood in front of her, bowing and smiling all the while.

Presently Joshua Dean arrived, having cleaned and tidied himself, and they sat for some time in a half circle at the open window, chatting and looking out upon the sea. The weather had greatly improved since last night. There was a fine sunset, and the weathercock on the top of the mast in front of the shipyard pointed N.E.

"It's a fair wind down Channel," said Josh—"good for outward-bound ships. If they have got to go," he continued, glancing at his sister, "the quicker the better. Soon out, soon home again."

Lucy looked as if she grudged every knot added to the distance between her future husband and herself, for though she assented to Joshua's kindly-meant remarks, the smile soon faded from her lips, and a look of care came over her face instead.

"You have a pleasant spot here, Mr. Dean," said Chaffin. "I dare say you are very fond of it?"

"Yes," he replied; "and so I ought to be. It's my native place."

"You know what's going to be done, I suppose, in the neighbourhood?"

"I have heard something about it."

"Grand improvements! grand improvements!"

"Grandmother! did you say?" the old lady interrupted. "No; not yet. These are my only children, and neither of 'em married—not as yet."

Mr. Chaffin repeated his remark in a louder key.

"Improvement!" she said again. "Oh yes; young people think so, of course; I only hope they'll find it so when they are married, and be happy."

Mr. Chaffin made no further attempt at explanation, and the conversation with Joshua Dean continued.

"What are you going to do?" the latter inquired.

Mr. Chaffin entered into particulars.

"You don't seem to like it," he remarked, when he had finished.

"I had rather you would let the place alone," Dean answered. "It suits me best as it is."

"Very likely," said Chaffin. "It won't do you much good, I dare say. 'One man's food is another man's poison,' they say."

"I don't like the idea of it," Dean repeated. "If a big town were to spring up all round the shipyard, I should feel inclined to run away from it."

"You could sell it, you know," Mr. Chaffin said.

"Could I!" said Dean. "That wouldn't suit me neither. I don't want to sell my birthright. Why, my grandfather built this house; with his own hands, too, mostly. No; I don't want to sell it, and I don't want to have it spoilt."

"You will take a bit of supper with us, Mr. Chaffin?" Lucy said, interrupting them at this moment.

"Thank you; I don't want anything to eat," he replied, emphasising the last word, and waiting to be asked after his own formula what he would take to drink.

Brother and sister looked at each other, and the latter said quickly, "We are all teetotalers here, Mr. Chaffin, or nearly so."

"Indeed! Have you taken the pledge?" said Chaffin.

"No," Joshua answered; "not that; but, as a rule, we don't touch wine or spirits. Still, when a friend drops in—" he stopped, and looked at Lucy.

"Oh, never mind," said the contractor; "I thought the water was not good, though. How do you manage about that?"

"We have excellent water," Lucy answered, with alacrity—"excellent! You must try it. It's the only good well in the town. You see, this is our own property, and father went to great expense in sinking a well—a very deep one. Other folks might be as well off, I dare say, but they rent their houses, and the owners of the property won't do anything."

"Is that so?" cried the contractor, jumping up with great animation. "I should like to see that

well; I should like to taste that water. It confirms my own opinion. Water may be got anywhere about here if you bore deep enough."

Water was brought—clear, fresh, cool, delicious. The company would go on! Mr. Chaffin's investments would turn out famously! In his exultation he drank a whole tumblerful of the water.

"It's capital!" he said, as he put it down.

Lucy poured him out another glass.

"No, thank ye," he said; "one's enough. I'm not a water-drinker myself, as a rule; it's too cold for me. I like a nip of brandy in it."

"Lucy, my dear," said Josh, looking at his sister.

She could no longer disregard his appeal, and, leaving the room, returned with a bottle containing some brandy, which she placed at the contractor's elbow.

He thanked her, and helped himself; then passed the bottle on to Joshua.

"I won't take any," he said, "if you'll excuse me."

"Oh, come; I can't sit and drink alone," said Chaffin. "You have not taken the pledge; you said so."

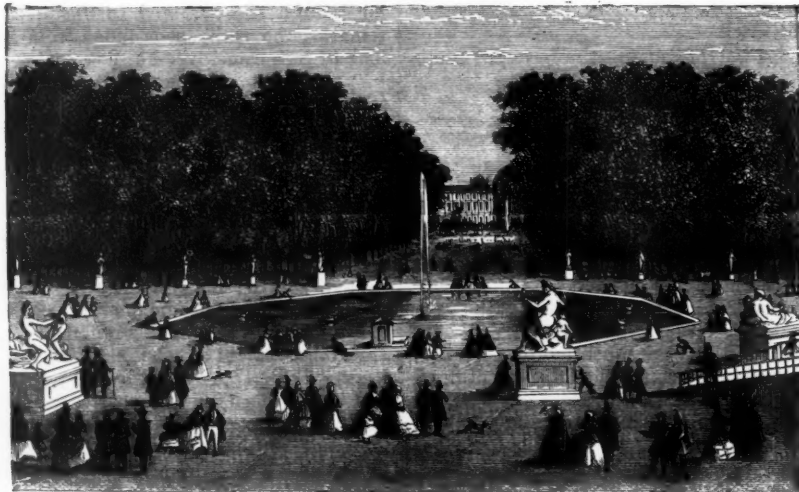
Putting down his glass, he reached over to where Joshua was sitting and poured out some brandy for him, and lifted it almost to the level of his lips.

The man's eyes gleamed, and the colour faded from his face as the smell of the liquor rose into his nostrils.

"Josh!" cried his sister, sharply, though in an undertone.

He did not listen to her, but put the glass to his lips, tasted it, and set it down again, and held it still between his fingers. "All right!" he said, speaking in a low tone, and without looking at her; "one can't be inhospitable. I will have one glass with Mr. Chaffin, that's all. Don't be afraid."

THE TREES OF PARIS.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

A FRENCH author, M. Francis Wey, in a book on England, published by him about twenty years ago, remarked that this country was distin-

guished by the beauty of its trees, its horses, and its women. "Let but one of those fine Amazons you meet in Hyde Park tie her horse to an English

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tree, and you behold one of the finest sights in the world."

There is not the slightest doubt but the trees of England are very beautiful, but as far as the British metropolis is concerned, they labour under the same fault that Mr. Lowe, in a speech delivered at Edinburgh, once found with the people of Scotland—there are too few of them. The urban part of London is almost destitute of trees; at least, of such as are planted for the benefit of the public at large. From Mile End Gate in the east to the Marble Arch in the west, in the main artery of the metropolis, a length of full five miles, the ineffable tedium of brick and mortar is scarcely ever relieved by either tree or shrub, so much so that a shopkeeper in Cheapside may well try to make capital of the fact that his establishment is situated "under the tree." A few timid attempts have been made along the Victoria Embankment, and due credit may be given to the Metropolitan Board of Works, and to a public benefactor, for turning a portion of that embankment and Leicester Square, once a public disgrace, into pleasure-grounds for the people; but apart from these few spots, and a few squares that are almost hermetically sealed against the public, urban London is as treeless as the desert of Sahara.

Yet there is no reason why it should always be so. The natural beauties of the spot on which London is situated, and the features of interest that the industrious hand of man has imparted to it, are equal to those of any European capital. In this respect Paris is in no way to be compared to London, or at least it was not thirty years ago. Prior to the days of the Second French Empire its attractions were few and far between, and its slums were innumerable. Since then it has been entirely changed, and whilst London remains what it was before, viz., the emporium of the whole world, attracting none but those whose business calls them to this universal mart, Paris has become the pleasure-ground of Europe, and even of America. So greatly have its scanty natural beauties been enhanced by art, that the very same people who only resort to London to be able to say that they have been there, and who try to get away from it as quickly as they can, not only visit Paris on its own account, and go there again and again, but immense colonies of people from all parts of Europe, England included, and of America, are permanently established there, a very large proportion of them consisting of pleasure-seekers, who find that permanent enjoyment in Paris for which they had been looking in vain in their native countries.

What Paris was in olden times may be gathered from Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," and as late as 1850 the description given of the French capital in that renowned work of fiction still tallied in its principal features. If we take a popular account of Old London, such as, for instance, the one given by Ainsworth in "The Star Chamber," London could not have been recognised by such a picture even as far back as half a century ago. But whereas, since 1850, the changes made in the urban part of London have chiefly consisted in improvements designed for facilitating the general traffic, Paris has been revolutionised in every way, by the substitution of broad thoroughfares for the holes and corners and courts and blind alleys of which there was no end; then by the introduction of vegetation, in the shape of parks and public gardens, all over the area of the city; and last, but not least, by the

plantation of trees and shrubs in all the leading arteries of the town, both urban and suburban, to relieve the sameness even of the architectural splendour and magnificence in which the *édilité* of the Second Empire clothed the French capital.

To Baron Hausmann's indefatigable energy most of these achievements are due. It was he who furrowed Paris—*sillonait*, as the French say—in every direction with those splendid boulevards which answered hygienic and strategic purposes alike. The most important incision of this kind created in his time was the Boulevard Sébastopol, with its continuation of the Boulevard de Strasbourg to the north, and the Boulevard St. Michel to the south, five kilometres, or about three statute miles in length, all lined with immense buildings, with fronts made of white Caen limestone. There is nothing in any city in the world to equal the splendid boulevards and avenues that radiate from the Place de l'Étoile, with its magnificent Arc de Triomphe in the centre, towards all other parts of Paris. But these are only some out of a great number, and since his fall, in 1870, and more especially since the overthrow of the nefarious Commune, in 1871, and the accession of M. Ferdinand Duval to the prefecture of the Seine department, the work has gone on uninterruptedly.

Our present object is not to speak of the general improvements made in Paris since the accession of Napoleon III, but only of the trees which have contributed to such a great extent to making Paris what it has become within the last five-and-twenty years. The beneficial effect of these trees is felt in various ways. In towns they cannot afford that amount of happiness of which, according to Pope, that man is possessed—

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

They can only cool him in summer, but of course cannot heat him in winter. On the other hand, however, they take a great share in the absorption of all superfluous moisture with which the atmosphere is impregnated, especially in hot weather, and in a small, yet not unimportant degree, they contribute to the purity of the atmosphere, and consequent clearness of the sky. Apart from this, the picturesque effect of fine plantations of trees is immense, and "psychiatry" may perhaps at some future day discover to what extent the cheering and soothing influence of the Paris trees has been instrumental in reacting against melancholy, and against the spleen of which all Englishmen landing in France are supposed to bring an abundant stock with them.

The municipal gardeners of the French capital have carried the treatment of trees to just such a degree of perfection as a skilled nurse devotes to the treatment of babies entrusted to her charge. And does not the English word nursery, as applied to training grounds for trees, render the idea much more lucidly and expressively than either the French *pépinière* or the German *Baumschule*? Ay, to endow trees with the highest useful and ornamental character, fully as much care and attention, and almost affection, is required as it takes to rear a child until it gets "out of hand!"

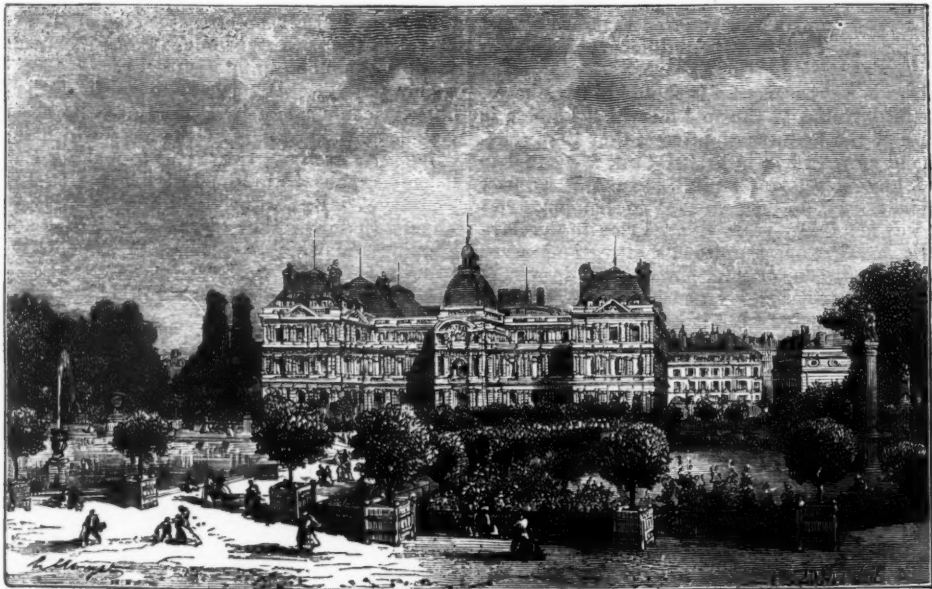
Now, the most important thing for a tree is the full development of its roots, and this can only be achieved if the tree has, if we may term it so, sufficient elbow room given it to enable the ramifications of the root to spread unhampered in every direction. This scope it has not in a nursery, where the space

is exceedingly limited, and therefore the selection of good trees for planting in the streets of Paris is one of the most difficult problems in arboriculture. As a rule, the inspector insists upon trees being planted and transplanted several times before they are allowed to be definitely fixed in the public thoroughfares, so that the ramifications of the root should not be one-sided, but have spread in various directions and extended in a suitable proportion to the stem and the branches of the tree. Having selected the trees wherever they are to be found, the next thing is to remove them from their existing abode and convey them to the spot assigned to them for their future life.

The removal takes place in either of two ways. The tree may be dug out of the ground, with its roots bare, or else the soil in which it has grown may be cut out in its entirety and transposed, very much as the foundation-stone of a house is embedded in the earth. For young, tiny trees, the former inexpensive method is generally preferred, but old stagers, whose roots have spread far and wide, must be taken

growth of trees. A carboniferous or metalliferous soil like that on which part of Birmingham is built, is well suited for the plantation of various descriptions of the birch-tree; but neither the gravel of London nor the detritus of Paris possesses the chemical properties required for arboricultural purposes.

Upon this ground, if trees are at all to be planted in public thoroughfares, the road must be specially prepared for it, and that is extensively done in Paris. It must be owned that the great arteries of the French capital have in this respect immense advantages over those in London. The interior boulevards of Paris are considerably wider than Cheapside and even Holborn; and their chord, represented by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rue de Rivoli, has in many places double the width of Fleet Street or the Strand, whilst the traffic, owing to the multiplicity of broad thoroughfares, is considerably less heavy than in any part of the city of London. But even as it is, the width of what can be spared in the Paris streets for arboricultural purposes is inadequate.



GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

out mould and all, and conveyed in a "transplantation car," specially constructed for that purpose. Visitors to Paris will have sometimes noticed full-grown trees on these vehicles, walking as it were through the streets towards their destination. Under the Empire, this method was generally resorted to for the plantation of trees, more especially in the vicinity of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and the then existing generation was enabled to enjoy the beneficent shade of those Nestors, whereas, if young trees had been set with bare roots, their descendants only could have benefited by it. In this manner the Champ de Mars, which was treeless, was supplied with choice trees during the late Universal Exhibition.

The next and most important question is, how to plant the trees in the roadways so as to secure their future existence, and also to make them discharge their duties with the utmost efficiency. As a rule, the roadways of cities are most unsuitable for the

For planting the trees a ditch is made, which is filled up with as nearly as possible the kind of earth or mould in which the trees had originally grown. The width of this ditch ought in no case to be under two metres, or about seven feet, but, as a rule, so much as that cannot be spared. The carriage road, which is mostly macadamized, cannot be interfered with, and between the road and the buildings the space is necessarily limited. Oftentimes no more than from three feet to five feet can be spared, and it is impossible for the roots of those large trees that are preferred in leading thoroughfares to spread and thrive if hemmed in by stone on one side and by ungenial soil on the other. The consequence is that the ramifications of the roots stretching across the road must soon be stunted and die off, and their putrescence eventually infects the body of the root and kills the tree.

This danger exists in a less degree in those trees

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which grow rather in a fan or curtain shape, and in which the lateral expansion of the root makes up for its transversal development; but in trees whose growth is naturally uniform in every direction, the restriction

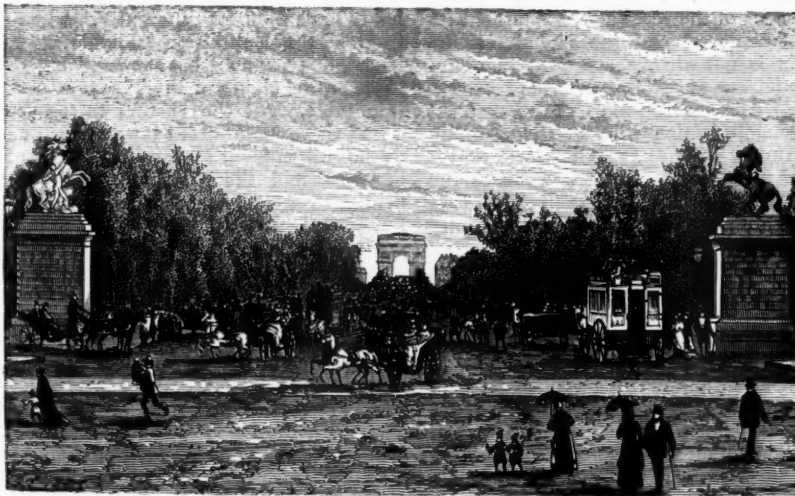
which it is fed, so does the progress of the tree depend on the ingredients it finds in the soil in which it is planted. Behold that wretched little stripling of a tree that seems to baffle all the efforts of the



BOULEVARD MONTMARTRE.

of the width of the soil must prove fatal, unless proper measures be taken to remedy this drawback. These remedies are either intrinsic or superficial. The former consist in adding gradually to the width of the original ditch, by means of holes made in the ground, to enable the tree to send forth fresh roots after having been planted a few years; the latter are

gardener and all the care that is constantly bestowed on it! atrophy and anæmia seem to be its chronic complaints; no amount of watering and no amount of pruning will get it on. The reason is simply the poorness of the soil; it cannot get enough nourishment, and consequently it pines away. On the other hand, excessive richness must also be steered clear



CHAMPS D'ÉLYSÉE.

constant pruning and lopping, whereby the equilibrium of the tree is preserved, and the ill-effects of the irregular growth of the root partly neutralised.

Special attention must be given to the chemical composition of the soil or mould in which the trees are planted. Just as the development and the very life of a child depends on the kind of nutriment on

of. What plethora is to the human constitution, a superabundance of vital juices is to the tree. The salt contained in these produces an irritating effect upon it, and an indigestion is as injurious to a young tree as it is to a boy who eats more Christmas pudding than is good for him.

The tender flowers and delicate shrubs inspire

those who habitually cultivate them with an affection similar to that we feel for a frail and delicate child; but neither can this feeling be foreign to the cultivator of trees, which require so amply and so beneficently the care that is bestowed on them. In very poor and in an unduly rich soil they cannot live; but there is another deadly enemy they have to contend with, and that is gas. During the first years of the French Empire it was found that, in spite of all imaginary care taken in the selection, the transplantation and the feeding of the trees, most of them did not get on, and many of them would die. A *post-mortem* examination, both of the victims and of the soil in which they had lived, readily brought the cause of the premature death to light. The joints of the adjoining gas-main had been made in the most perfunctory manner, extensive leakages had taken place which impregnated and infected the soil, and the foetid miasmas produced by those emanations had poisoned the roots and eventually imparted the germ of death to the tree.

Fortunately, the diagnosis of the disease having been once effected, the remedy suggested itself without much further inquiry. If gas-pipes were really laid and sealed properly, leakages would be almost impossible, and in the treaty the municipality of Paris concluded with the company that supplied the gas for the lighting of the streets, a proviso was inserted compelling the company to stop all such leakages. Since then, the mains and branches of the gas-pipes in thoroughfares planted with trees have had to be properly drained and ventilated, and apertures made from place to place, so that any escape of gas could be discovered and remedied almost as soon as it occurred. By this means, thousands of trees have been preserved which, but for that proviso in the contract, would have been doomed to certain death.

Another difficulty, apparently insuperable, consists in the scantiness of water. Full nine-tenth parts of the aggregate length of the roots are hidden beneath the macadam of the road and the asphalt of the pavement. Rain is not always sufficient in abundance for the requirements of the trees, and even if it is, the greater portion of the roots are almost cut off from every communication with it. Then again the heat of the sun is often so great in Paris that it parches the barks of the trees, and neutralises the "capillarity" by reason of which the radical moisture of the soil tends to ascend into the branches and leaves. To make up for this each tree must get plenty of watering from without.

In the early days of the Empire it was usual to put a sort of collar around the trunk of the trees, and keep this full of water. These collars were useful, but the very reverse of ornamental, and whenever the "Chari-vari" was at a loss for a subject for a cartoon it would show some trees on the boulevards, walking about in a stiff starched *faux-col*, like a French notary of the old school, and feeling extremely uncomfortable in this sort of conical and comical choker. Of late years this method has been abandoned, and the trunk now has straw bands and moss turf put around it, which are covered over with rough canvas, constantly kept damp, so that the tree is not allowed to thirst. It should be added that for two or three years only after the tree has been planted is it necessary to treat it to these libations, for after it has once picked up sufficient strength it becomes regularly self-supporting.

It is necessary, however, to remark that, apart from the obstacles in the way of the tree imbibing its modicum of water, there is another difficulty it has to contend with, and this consists in its innumerable orifices, which form an *ensemble* of breathing organs, being choked and clogged up by smoke and other impurities with which the atmosphere in large towns is always impregnated. Superincumbent strata of carbon obstruct the evaporation and absorption of the leaves and of the blossoms, and the entire tree is thereby hampered in its normal functions. A tree cannot, like a man, be subjected to a Turkish bath to open up its pores, but a good shower bath, administered with a substantial garden-hose, is sufficient to relieve it of all the incumbrances, pending the fall of a copious rain-shower, which in Paris is oftentimes very long in coming. In Manchester, the reservoir of all England, such palliatives are unnecessary.

The amount of work done in Paris of late years in the way of arboriculture redounds all the more to the credit of the *édiles* of the French capital, since the soil on which Paris stands is by no means well suited for vegetation. Whatever is planted in and around Paris partakes much more of the character of artificial or hothouse work than of a mere help given to nature. An Englishman who spent some years in Paris in the time of the Empire, and saw with admiration thousands of trees spring like mushrooms from the ground which Baron Haussmann struck like a second Neptune with his trident, expressed his opinion in these words: "Their trees are all very well, and so are the squares, which the French insist on calling *squars*; but give me old England for green lanes and grass-plots. Any of our English village greens will beat all the *prés* and *métairies* about Paris."

If the same man had gone to Paris ten years later, and seen all that was done "in the green way" in connection with the recent Exhibition, he would probably have thought differently. The newly-planted trees in the Exhibition grounds were, in English phraseology, "no great shakes," but the grass-plots sown on the slopes of the Trocadéro were considered imitable. All the visitors to the Exhibition admired those magnificent lawns which had been sown by several eminent seedsmen. Some of the largest of these, and the most remarkable for their ever brilliant verdure, were produced from seeds supplied by our Queen's seedsmen, the celebrated firm of Messrs. Sutton and Sons. It appears that the decoration of the Legion of Honour has been bestowed upon the managing member of that firm, as a recognition of the merits of their exhibits, and full well was this honour deserved.

It would hardly be possible to bring a statement of the varieties of trees planted in the streets of Paris within the compass of this article. Yet we may just give the names of the principal trees that have either existed in the French capital for centuries, or been acclimatised there, if it may be so termed, since the restoration of the French Empire in 1852; they are—

1. The elm (*ulmus campestris*, Linné), with its varieties, the broad-leaved (*latifolia*) and the round-leaved (*modiolanus*), the former high and bold, the latter strong but stumpy.

2. The lime-tree, of which two varieties, scientifically known by the names of *tilia platyphylla* and *tilia silvestris*, are those most in use for the *alignement* of the streets of Paris.

3. The maple, that does not require to be planted very deep, for its roots extend far and wide. Of this tree, also, two varieties have chiefly been introduced in Paris, viz., the *acer platanoides*, and the *acer pseudo-platanus*, which resembles the sycamore.

4. The plane-tree, a first-cousin of the maple, a perfect patriarch among trees, for it reaches about the age of Methuselah, or at any rate there are specimens of it known from 700 to 800 years old. There are the *platanus Orientalis* and the *platanus Occidentalis*, the former coming from Asia, the latter from America.

Apart from these trees, which supply the bulk of the Paris street arboriculture, we might name the chestnut-tree in its numerous varieties, which may be seen to perfection in the Avenue du Trocadéro; the poplar, the mountain ash—all of them trees with which the eye of every one of us is familiar, although, of course, we see nothing of them in the streets of London. As we remarked before, it would be idle to attempt to give anything like an account of these trees within our limited space, and besides, it is not the knowledge of trees most Londoners lack, but the enjoyment of them.

The distance at which the trees are planted away from one another varies according to their size, and according to the amount of shadow they give. For trees of the largest size, such as horse-chestnut-trees, plane-trees, maple, lime, and mountain ash, their distance is reckoned at eight metres, or about twenty-six feet, whilst the distance of other kinds of trees from one another ranges from thirteen to sixteen feet. None but those trees which grow quite straight, and present the appearance of a pyramid, or rather a cone, at a distance, may be put closer together; the Lombardy or pine poplar is an example.

Paris has immensely profited by its plantation of trees, but it has also spent an immense amount of money on them. It has been computed that a tree, that may be purchased for about 3s., costs the city in full £3 16s. by the time it has been set, and if the cost of the necessary drainage, and the guard for preventing damage to it, be added, this amount rises to as much as £6 10s. This is for a tree conveyed to

the spot with its root bare. If it be carried mould and all, it costs originally, when set, £5 17s., but then it only requires a guard and no drainage, so that the aggregate cost comes to £6 14s. 6d.; but this does not comprise the value of the tree itself, which, if it has to be bought, is estimated to cost from 16s. to £1.

It may not appear uninteresting, in conclusion, to cast a glance at the statistics of arboriculture in Paris. Under the Empire, over 100,000 trees were planted and kept up. At the time of its fall, in October, 1870, the aggregate number was 102,154, which, estimated at the value of only £5 each, would represent an outlay of over half a million of money. The Commune, which supervened in March, 1871, did away with many trees which had been spared by the Government of the National Defence, that had to sacrifice a great number for strategical reasons, and also for fuel, the coal supply of the metropolis being almost entirely exhausted. Thus, in 1875, one-fourth of them were gone, and there only remained 77,155; but under the vigorous and judicious management of the late Prefect of the Seine Department, M. Ferdinand Duval, they picked up again, and on January 1, 1877, Paris possessed as many as 82,201 trees in its streets, besides 8,298 in its parks and gardens, and 10,390 in its cemeteries.

In 1876 Paris spent as much as £8,000 for keeping trees in trim and seats in repair, of which there are about 7,000 scattered over all the leading thoroughfares; whereas in London there are not half a dozen to be found from the London Hospital to the Marble Arch. Let us just add that the aggregate area of public squares, gardens, and parks within Paris is near one million square metres, or about 225 statute acres, whilst the Bois de Boulogne and the Parc de Vincennes, which belong to and are maintained by the city of Paris, occupy each about 900 hectares, or over 2,000 statute acres. All this shows clearly that London, with its Metropolitan Board of Works, its Thames Embankment, its Hyde Park and Regent's Park, may yet take a leaf out of the book of the French capital.

THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IV.—TWO CLAIMANTS.

ON the 6th November, at 7 a.m., Professor Schultz arrived at the Charing Cross station. At noon he presented himself at No. 94, Southampton Row, entering a large room divided by a wooden barrier, one side being for the clerks, the other for the public. In it there were six chairs, a table, numberless green tin boxes, and a London Directory. Two young men seated at the table were quietly eating the traditional luncheon of bread and cheese usual with their class.

"Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp?" said the professor, in the tone of a man calling for his dinner.

"Mr. Sharp is in his private room—what name?—on what business?"

"Professor Schultz, of Jena. On the Langévol business."

This information was murmured into the speaking-tube by the young clerk, a reply being returned into his ear which he did not choose to repeat.

"Bother the Langévol business! Another fool come to put in a claim!"

Clerk's answer: "This man seems respectable enough. Does not look exactly agreeable though."

Another mysterious whisper conveyed the words,—

"And he comes from Germany?"

"So he says."

With a sigh came the order, "Send him upstairs."

"Second storey; door facing you," said the clerk, aloud, pointing to an inner entrance.

The professor plunged into the passage, mounted the stairs, and found himself opposite a green baize door, on which the name of Mr. Sharp stood out in black letters on a brass plate.

That personage was seated at a large mahogany writing-table, in a common-looking room, with a felt carpet, leather chairs, and many open boxes.

He half rose from his seat, and then, according

to the polite fashion of business men, began to rummage amongst his papers for several minutes to show how busy he was. At last, turning to Professor Schultz, who remained standing near him, he said, "Have the goodness, sir, to tell me your business here in as few words as possible. My time is limited; I can give you but a very few minutes."

The professor smiled slightly, evidently not at all put out by the way he was received.

"Perhaps," he said, "when you know what brings me here you will think it advisable to grant me a few minutes more."

"Proceed, sir."

"My business relates to the inheritance left by Jean Jacques Langévol, of Bar-le-Duc. I am the grandson of the elder sister, Theresia Langévol, who married, in 1792, my grandfather, Martin Schultz, a surgeon in the army of Brunswick; he died in 1814. I have in my possession three letters from my great-uncle, written to his sister, and many accounts of his return home after the battle of Jena, besides the legal documents which prove my birth."

We need not follow Professor Schultz through the prolix explanations which he gave to Mr. Sharp. On this point he seemed, contrary to his nature, quite inexhaustible. His aim was to demonstrate to this Englishman, this Mr. Sharp, that by rights the German race should, in all things, predominate over all others. His object in putting forward a claim to this inheritance was chiefly that it might be snatched from French hands, which could not fail to make a silly use of it. What he hated in his rival was his nationality. Had he been a German he certainly should not have interfered, etc., etc.

But that a Frenchman—a would-be "savant"—should have this enormous wealth to spend upon French fancies, was distracting to his feelings, and he considered it his duty to contest his right to it at all costs.

At first sight the connection between these political opinions and the opulent inheritance in question was

not very clear. But the experienced eye of the man of business plainly detected the relation which patriotic ambition for the advantage of the German nation generally bore to the private interests of Professor Schultz individually. He saw that this apparently double aim had in reality but one motive.

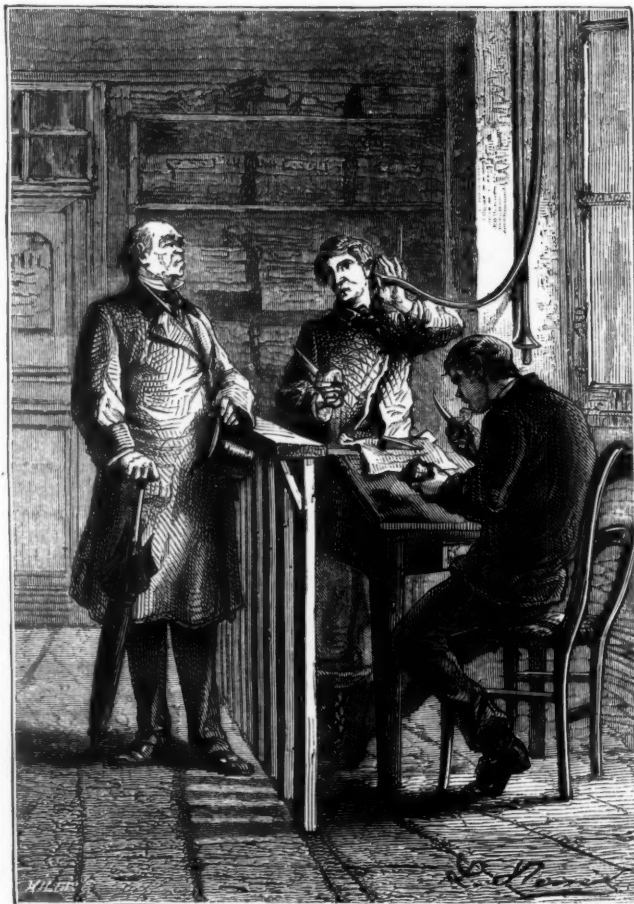
There was no doubt about it. However humiliating it might be for a professor of the University of Jena to be connected with beings of an inferior race, it was evident that a French ancestress had had a share in the responsibility of giving to the world this matchless human being.

But this relationship, being in a secondary degree to that of Dr. Sarrasin, would only give secondary rights to the said inheritance. The solicitor perceived, however, the possibility of lawfully sustaining them, and in this possibility he foresaw another which would be much to the advantage of Billows, Green, and Sharp, something which would change the Langévol affair, already productive, into a very good thing; indeed, a second case of the "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce" of Dickens. An extensive horizon of stamped paper, deeds, documents of all sorts, rose before the eyes of the man of law; and what was worth more, he saw a compromise conducted by himself, Sharp, to the interest of both

his clients, which would bring to himself equal parts of honour and profit.

In the meanwhile he made known to Professor Schultz the claims of Dr. Sarrasin, gave him proofs in corroboration, and insinuated that if Billows, Green, and Sharp undertook to make something advantageous for the professor out of the claims—"shadowy though they are, my dear sir, it would, I fear, not hold water in a lawsuit"—which his relationship to the doctor gave him, he hoped that the remarkable sense of justice possessed by all Germans would admit that, to Messrs. Billows, Green, and Sharp, he, the professor, owed a large debt of gratitude.

The latter was practical enough to understand the



THE LANGÉVOL BUSINESS.

drift of this argument, and soon put the mind of the business man at rest on this point, though without committing himself in any way. Mr. Sharp politely begged permission to examine into the affair at his leisure, showed him out with marked respect, nothing more having been said as to the very limited time of which before he had been so sparing.

Professor Schultz retired convinced that he had no sufficient claim to put forward for the Begum's inheritance, but all the same persuaded that a struggle between the Saxon and Latin races, besides being always meritorious, would not fail, if set about properly, to turn to the advantage of the former.

The next important step was to get Dr. Sarrasin's opinion on the subject. A telegram dispatched immediately to Brighton had the effect of bringing that gentleman to Mr. Sharp's office by five o'clock.

Dr. Sarrasin heard all that had occurred with a calmness which astonished the solicitor. He frankly declared that he perfectly remembered a tradition in his family of a great-aunt brought up by a rich and titled lady, who had emigrated with her, and who had married in Germany. He knew neither the name nor the exact degree of relationship of this great-aunt.

Mr. Sharp was busily looking over his notes, carefully numbered in portfolios, which he now exhibited with considerable complacency to the doctor.

There was—Mr. Sharp did not seek to hide it—matter for a lawsuit, and lawsuits of this character may easily be lengthened out. Indeed, it was not at all necessary to acknowledge to the adverse party that family tradition which Dr. Sarrasin had in his honesty just now confided to his solicitor. To be sure, there were those letters from Jean Jacques Langévol to his sister, of which Professor Schultz had spoken, and which were a point in his favour. A very small point indeed, destitute of any legal character, but still a point—no doubt other proofs would be exhumed from the dust of municipal archives. Perhaps even the adverse party, in default of authentic documents, would even dare to manufacture false ones. Everything must be foreseen. Who knew but that fresh investigations might assign to this Thérèse Langévol and her descendants, who had suddenly started up, superior claims to Dr. Sarrasin's? In any case, there would be long disputes, tedious examinations—no end of them. There was good hope of success for both sides, each could easily form a limited liability company to advance the cost of the proceedings and exhaust all the pleas of jurisdiction.

A celebrated suit of the same sort had been in the court of Chancery for eighty-three consecutive years, and was only ended at last for want of funds—interest and capital, all had gone! What with inquiries, commissions, transfers, the proceedings would take an indefinite period! In ten years' time the question would probably be still undecided, and the twenty-one millions still sleeping quietly in the Bank.

Dr. Sarrasin listened to this long-winded oration, and wondered when it would come to an end. Without taking for gospel all that he heard, he felt a kind of chilly discouragement creeping over him, as a voyager gazes from the ship's bows at the port to which he believes himself approaching, but sees it growing less and less distinct, and finally disappearing as his vessel drifts away from the land. He told himself that it was not impossible that this fortune, just now so near, and for which he had already found

a use, would end by slipping from his grasp, and fade away.

"Then what is to be done?" he asked of the solicitor.

"What is to be done?"—Hem!—That was difficult to say, more difficult still to decide; but no doubt everything would be arranged in the end. He, Sharp, was certain of that. English law was excellent, a little slow, perhaps, he could not help saying so,—yes, decidedly slow, *pède claudo*—hem!—hem!—but all the more sure. Assuredly Dr. Sarrasin could not fail in the course of a few years to be in possession of this inheritance, always supposing—hem!—hem!—his claims sufficient!

The doctor issued from the office in Southampton Row, very much shaken in his confidence, and convinced that he must either plunge into an interminable lawsuit or give up his dream. The thought that his fine philanthropic scheme must come to nothing gave him keen pain.

In the meantime Mr. Sharp sent for Professor Schultz, who had left his address. He told him that Dr. Sarrasin had never heard of Thérèse Langévol, denied the existence of a German branch of the family, and rejected any idea of a compromise. There was nothing that the professor could do, therefore, if he believed his right well established, but to go to law. From this, Mr. Sharp, who was perfectly disinterested, of course, and was a mere spectator in the matter, had no intention of dissuading him. What more could a solicitor wish than a lawsuit of perhaps thirty years, and not knowing to what it might lead him? He personally would be delighted. If he had not feared that Professor Schultz would think it suspicious on his part, he would have pushed his disinterestedness so far as to recommend to him one of his legal brethren, who would look after his interests. And, indeed, the choice was an important one! The path of law had now become a regular highroad!—swarming with adventurers and robbers!—he owned this shameful fact, though with a blush!

"Supposing the French doctor was willing to arrange the matter, how much would it cost?" asked the professor.

Being a wise man, words could not confuse him—being a practical man, he went straight to the point without wasting any precious time on the way. Mr. Sharp was rather disconcerted by this mode of action. He represented to Professor Schultz that business did not go on so quickly as all that; that no one could see the end when as yet they were just at the beginning; that in order to bring Dr. Sarrasin to terms they must protract the business so as not to allow him to see that he, Schultz, was at all eager to compromise matters.

"I beg, sir," he concluded, "that you will leave it to me; put yourself in my hands and I will be answerable for everything."

"Very well," replied Schultz, "but I should much like to know what I have to expect."

However, he could not ascertain from Mr. Sharp the price at which the solicitor valued Saxon gratitude, and was, therefore, obliged to give him *carte blanche* in the matter.

When Dr. Sarrasin appeared next day in answer to Mr. Sharp's summons, and quietly asked if he had any particular news for him, the solicitor, alarmed at his calmness, informed him that a serious examination had convinced him that the better plan would be to nip the threatened danger in the bud, and propose

to compromise with this new claimant. Dr. Sarrasin must agree with him that this was essentially disinterested advice, and what few solicitors in Mr. Sharp's place would have given. But he felt quite a paternal interest in the affair, and his pride was concerned in bringing it to a speedy conclusion.

The doctor listened and thought all this sensible enough. During the last few days he had become so accustomed to the idea of immediately realising his scientific dream that everything gave way to it. To wait ten years, or even one year, before he had it in his power, would have been a cruel trial to him. Without being taken in by Mr. Sharp's fine speeches, although little familiar with legal and financial questions, he would have cheerfully given up his claims for a sum paid down in ready money sufficient to enable him to pass at once from theory to practice. He also, therefore, at once, gave *carte blanche* to Mr. Sharp, and departed.

The solicitor had now got what he wanted. It was quite true that perhaps another might in his place have yielded to the temptation of beginning and prolonging a lawsuit which would bring in a considerable annuity to his business. But Mr. Sharp was not a man who cared for this kind of speculation.

He saw close to his hand a way by which he could reap an abundant harvest, and he resolved to seize it. The next day he wrote to the doctor that he believed Herr Schultz was not opposed to a compromise. In subsequent visits made by him to the doctor and professor, he told them alternately, that the adverse party would say nothing decided, and that, in addition, a third candidate, attracted by the scent, was talked of.

This little game went on for a week. In the morning all was going well, but by the evening an unforeseen objection had suddenly arisen to upset everything. The honest doctor was incessantly troubled by doubts, fears, and changes of mind. Mr. Sharp could not bring himself to hook his fish, he so greatly feared that at the last he would struggle and snap the line. But so many precautions were, in this case, quite superfluous. From the very first day Dr. Sarrasin, who would have done anything to spare himself the trouble of a lawsuit, was ready for any arrangement. When at last Mr. Sharp thought that the psychological moment, to use the celebrated expression, had arrived, or in less exalted language, that his client was done to a turn, he suddenly unmasked his batteries, and proposed an immediate compromise.

A benevolent man then appeared—the banker, Stilbing—who proposed to split the difference, to give to each ten millions, and merely have for commission the surplus million.

Dr. Sarrasin could have embraced Mr. Sharp when he made him this proposal; it seemed splendid to him. He was ready and eager to sign. He would have liked to put up in the market-place of the proposed city golden statues to the banker Stilbing, to the solicitor Sharp, to the bank, and to all the lawyers in the United Kingdom.

The documents were drawn up, and everything was ready. Professor Schultz had surrendered—Mr. Sharp assuring him that, with a less easy-tempered adversary he would certainly have had all costs to pay. So it was settled. The two heirs each received a cheque for a hundred thousand pounds, payable at sight, and a promise of a definite settlement after all the legal formalities had been gone through.

Thus was this wonderful affair settled, to the great glory of the Anglo-Saxon race!

We are assured that, that same evening, whilst dining at the Cobden Club with his friend Stilbing, Mr. Sharp drank a glass of champagne to the health of Dr. Sarrasin, another to Professor Schultz, and then, as he finished the bottle, gave way to this somewhat indiscreet exclamation, "Hurrah! Rule Britannia! We've got the best of it this time!"

The truth is, that the banker Stilbing considered his friend rather stupid for not having made a great deal more out of the business, and in his heart the professor had thought the same, from the moment in which he had felt himself obliged to agree to any arrangement that was offered. What could not have been done with a man like Dr. Sarrasin, a Celt, careless, thoughtless, and very certainly visionary!

The professor had heard of his rival's project of founding a French town under such moral and physical conditions as would develop the qualities of the race, and form strong and brave generations.

This enterprise appeared to him absurd, and, to his ideas, sure to fail, as it opposed the law of progress, which decreed the uprooting of the Latin race, its subjection to the Saxon, and eventually its disappearance from the surface of the globe. However, these results might be held in check if the doctor's programme began to be realised, and so much the more if there was any prospect of its success. It was, therefore, the duty of every true Saxon, in the interest of general order, to obey this appointed law, and bring to nothing, if he could, this insane enterprise. Under the circumstances, it was quite clear that he, Schultz, M.D., privat docent of chemistry in Jena University, known by his numerous works on the different human races—works in which it was proved that the German race was to absorb all others—it was quite clear that he was particularly designed by the great creative and destructive force of nature to annihilate the pigmies who were struggling against it. From the very beginning it had been ordained that Thérèse Langévol would marry Martin Schultz, and that one day, the two nationalities meeting in the persons of the French doctor and the German professor, the latter would crush the former. Already he had in his possession half the doctor's fortune; this was the weapon he was to wield.

This project was but a secondary one to Professor Schultz at present, he merely added it to others still more vast which he had formed for the destruction of all nations who refused to blend themselves with the German people and be united with the Vaterland. However, wishing to explore to the end—if so be that they had an end—of Dr. Sarrasin's plans, he attended all the meetings of the congress. As several members, with Dr. Sarrasin himself among them, were leaving the meeting, the professor was overheard to make this declaration: that he would found at the same time as Frankville, a city strong enough to put an end to that absurd and abnormal ant-hill.

"I hope," he added, "that the experiment we shall make will serve as an example to all the world!"

Although good Dr. Sarrasin was so full of love to all mankind, he had lived long enough to know that all his fellow-creatures did not deserve the name of philanthropists. He noted, however, this speech of his adversary, thinking, like a sensible man, that no threat ought to be neglected. Some time afterwards,

writing to Max to invite him to aid in his enterprise, he mentioned this incident and described Herr Schultz so accurately that the young Alsacian was certain the doctor had in him a formidable adversary. The doctor added:

"We shall need bold and energetic men, of practical information, not only to build, but to defend us."

Max answered:

"Although I cannot immediately give my co-operation to the founding of your city, you may depend on finding me when the right time comes. I shall not lose sight for a single day of this Professor Schultz whom you have described so well. My Alsacian birth gives me the right to know about his affairs. Whether I am near you or far away, I am devoted to you. If by any unforeseen chance you should be some months, or even years, without hearing from me, do not be uneasy. Whether I am near you or far away, I shall have but one thought, to work for you, and consequently to serve France."

A YEAR OF POULTRY-KEEPING.

SOME time ago it was my lot to be living in an old house, of which part had formed the gateway of one of the Cistercian abbeys founded in England in the reign of Stephen. Perhaps this has little to do with the title of this paper, but the charm of the surroundings cast a bright gleam of interest on all that took place within the precincts. One of the daughters of the house attended to the poultry, but in a desultory sort of way, and was quite alone in her work, no other of the family caring much, or only now and then getting up a little feeble admiration of a fine brood of chickens or an unwonted number of eggs. Sympathising with her taste, and feeling a great wish to be helpful to her, I proposed that we should join together, and take to keeping poultry in a business-like manner.

The poultry-house was in a field, through which a small brook ran that had formerly supplied the abbey fish-ponds (of which, indeed, the traces remained), and making its way under an ancient embankment, finally lost itself in the river flowing past the ruins of the abbey. So we had ready to our hands a poultry-house, a grass run, a stream of pure water, and were allowed to have the scraps from the house. It was in the month of April that we began business by buying up from the house all the poultry, promising that, in consideration of the above advantages, we would supply the family with eggs at a very low price.

Our capital was £4. This we expended on twenty-six fowls, at an average price of half-a-crown each, some wire to go round a small run, which the gardener knocked up near the house, and various other requisites. We sold off some of the fowls, and, as money came in from the eggs, replaced them with others of a finer kind, as Cochins and cuckoos, our object being to make our expenses the first year by selling eggs and rearing chickens for the table.

We were not without losses. In the winter some of the fowls suffered from inflammation of the eyes. We lost about seven from one cause or another.

We reared sixteen chickens; more were hatched, but came to an untimely end in various ways.

At the end of the year we stood thus. We began with twenty-six fowls, bought twenty more, and brought up sixteen chickens, making in all sixty-two. We sold twenty-nine and lost seven, so ended the year with the same number we began with, but of a more valuable breed, and with twenty fine chickens in a most flourishing condition. During the year we sold 1,900 eggs.

When our accounts were audited at the end of the twelvemonth they stood as follows:—

Dr.			Cr.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
Poultry bought ...	3	7 10	Eggs and Poultry sold ...	11	3 1
Food ...	6	0 11			
Balance ...	1	14 4			
	£11	3 1		£11	3 1

After deducting four shillings, one year's interest at five per cent. on the capital (£4), and carrying ten shillings and fourpence to the reserve fund, one pound was left to be divided between the two shareholders.

We could easily have made a larger profit by rearing more chickens, but we have gained much experience, which will be of great use in future.

The food cost about a penny a head a week. We fed them well, but carefully measured out the food to prevent waste and over-feeding. In the morning they had barley-meal or sharps, with bran and the kitchen refuse mixed up warm; and before going to roost they had barley alone, or barley and Indian corn. We only found it necessary to feed them twice a day.

The result is that poultry can be made profitable. It is advisable to hatch out chickens in March or early in April, so that they will begin to lay as soon as their moulting is over, and to weed the stock before moulting begins, killing off the least profitable fowls while they are still fit for the table.

A few words may be added on the different breeds of hens which we substituted for our first purchase. We were well satisfied with a batch of cuckoo fowls, bought at three months old, which rapidly grew up, and in November, when they were eight months old, we sold the cockerels for the table to great advantage. They were not only tender, but almost as large as a turkey poult. The hens lay very well, fine yellowish eggs, and are good mothers, but want to sit often. We had also silver-spangled Hamburgs and Cochins, both kinds laying well. We can also speak well of the black Hamburgs; there are no better layers, and, after moulting, they will lay well throughout the winter.

Varieties.

UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.—The report of the General Superintendent of the Life-saving Service of the United States has been published for the usual fiscal year. The operations of the service during the year were confined to 148 stations—116 of them being on the Atlantic coast, 30 on the lakes, and two on the Pacific coast. There were during the year within the limits of the operations of the service 171 disasters to vessels. On board these vessels were 1,557 persons. The estimated value of the vessels is 1,879,063 dols., and that of their cargoes 745,672 dols., making the total value of the

property involved 2,624,735 dols. The number of lives saved was 1,331, and the number lost 226. Of the latter number 183 perished in the disaster to the United States steamer *Huron* and the steamship *Metropolis*—98 in the former, and 85 in the latter. The number of shipwrecked persons sheltered and succoured at the stations during the year was 423. The total value of property saved is estimated at 1,091,375 dols., and the amount lost at 1,527,360 dols. These statistics show that the disasters of the last year were greater in number and severer in character than the service has ever before encountered.

SPARROWS IN AMERICA.—The sparrow, one of the English emigrants to this country, has been the subject of almost as much controversy as the Chinese. Whether he is a good bird or a bad bird, whether he eats the worms and spares the cherries, or the reverse, appears still to be an unsettled question. We have another testimony. Mr. E. J. Lowe, the astronomer, writes to the London "Times": "Thirty-five years ago a countryman left here for Australia, taking with him all our popular hardy fruits and vegetables; but the produce was yearly destroyed until the English sparrow was introduced, after which there was plenty of fruit. Waterton calculated that a single pair of sparrows destroyed as many grains in one day as would have eaten up half an acre of young corn in a week."—*New York Observer*.

LAKE NICARAGUA.—The steamer *Coburg* has, after several unsuccessful attempts, at last forced a passage up the River San Juan from the sea to Lake Nicaragua. This feat cannot fail to have the most important results in extending the trade of this portion of Central America, and will no doubt give a fresh impetus to the plans for the construction of an interoceanic canal by this route. The length of the River San Juan, from its mouth to its outflow from the lake, is sixty-three miles; the lake itself is about fifty-six miles in length, leaving sixty-four miles—the remainder of the distance across the isthmus—to be cut artificially. The cost of the undertaking has been estimated at 100,000,000 dols., or £20,000,000 sterling. In consequence of the successful enterprise of the *Coburg*, steam navigation may be said to be established between Grenada, the Bay de la Vierge, San George, Fort San Carlos, and other towns, and direct communication will be maintained between Greytown and Grenada. The former town, which is already a central port of call for steamers, will benefit largely from the increased trade which it must receive.—*Times*.

HIGHLAND TRADITIONS.—In their conversations the heroic actions, the wise or humorous sayings, the enterprises, the labours, the talents, or even the sufferings of their ancestors, are perpetually remembered. These are so often and so fondly descanted on, where all the world abroad is shut out, that the meanest particulars become hallowed by their veneration of the departed, and are carried on from father to son with incredible accuracy and fidelity. I must be supposed to mean such anecdotes as did honour to the memory of their ancestors. Departed vice and folly sleep in profound oblivion. No one talks of the faults of conduct or defects in capacity of any of his forefathers. They may be, perhaps, too faithfully recorded by some rival family; but, among a man's own predecessors, he only looks back upon sages and heroes. And even among the lowest classes a man entertains his sons and daughters in a winter night by reciting the plaintive melody or mournful ditty which his great-grandmother had composed on the death of her husband, who had lost his life crossing an overswelling stream, to carry, in time of war, an important message for his chief; or of her son, who perished in trying to bring down the nest of an eagle, which preyed on the lambs of the little community—or who was lost in the drift, while humely searching for the sheep of a sick or absent neighbour.—*Mrs. Grant, of Laggan*.

DUKE OF KENT.—A German-Jew paper, the "Israelitische Wochenschrift," has published the following historical reminiscence: "In the year 1816, under the nominal rule of George III, his third son, Edward, Duke of Kent, settled in Brussels, in consequence of the unsettled state of his finances, and of the necessity of living more economically than was possible in England. Two years later he married the widowed Princess of Leiningen, with whom he subsequently resided at her Castle of Amorbach, in the Odenwald. There the prince was visited by Moses Montefiore (with whom he was acquainted), in order to arrange some financial matters, and during this visit the last-mentioned personage took the opportunity of calling the attention of the royal duke to an expected change in the

occupancy of the English throne, and advised him, therefore, to return to his native country. The duke was, however, unwell, and postponed his departure, being desirous of awaiting his recovery before introducing his consort at the English Court. Montefiore then betook himself to the duchess, and urgently pressed on her notice the fact that no one could be heir to the throne unless he or she were born in England; that, under the circumstances in which she was then situated, she owed it to herself and to her coming child at once to repair to England. He reminded her that the death of George III was shortly to be expected; that both the Prince Regent and the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) were childless—the Prince Regent had lost his only child, the Princess Charlotte, in 1817; and that, consequently, after the two princes just mentioned, the throne would devolve on the Duke of Kent and his descendants. So earnestly did Mr. Montefiore press his point, especially with reference to the necessity for the heir to be born in England, that the duchess followed his advice, and urged her husband to accompany her to England. On the 24th of May, 1819, she gave birth to a daughter, who, eighteen years later, succeeded to the throne as Queen Victoria. This circumstance, concludes our contemporary, was the result of the sensible advice given by Moses Montefiore, and in part accounts for the esteem in which the venerable baronet is held by the Court."

DESIGN AND BEAUTY IN CREATION.—The adaptations of natural objects, the wonderful contrivance, order, and beauty everywhere apparent in nature, it is at once the duty and pleasure of the true naturalist to maintain. I remember that in younger days, before I had decided whether biological or geological studies had the greater attractions, I had occasion to dissect a ruby-throated humming-bird; and I recall as vividly as of a thing of yesterday the impression which that marvellous structure made on me. To see all the parts of the highest type, in a mechanical point of view, of the vertebrate animal, condensed into a little creature whose solid body is not so large as the last joint of one's little finger, and to think of the power, the swiftness, the grace, the varied instincts and intelligence and feeling manifested in that tiny frame—all this was sufficient to have made one worship the beautiful little fairy, as some of our southern aborigines actually did, were it not subject to accident, to death, and to decay, and were it not an obvious manifestation of a higher power. Whoever has rightly appreciated the structures and powers of a humming-bird has been introduced to a miracle of design. The multiplication of that miracle in hundreds of dissimilar species by no means lessens its significance. Only a mental organisation diseased can see the universe as a chaos or a failure; but we must learn to know that, after all, it is but a faint shadow of the invisible glory, and it would be an equally fatal mistake to exalt it into a god, or because of its necessary imperfection to fail to perceive its Divine original.—*Principal Dawson*.

BARING FAMILY.—The origin of the Barings in England is to be traced to Johan Baring, son of a Lutheran pastor in Bremen. Johan, when still a lad of sixteen or seventeen, came to England, engaged for a few years in clerical duties, studied hard, amassed a little money, and finally settled down as a cloth merchant and manufacturer in a little village near Exeter. He had four sons, and the third of them, Francis, born 1740, came to London, where, after finishing his education at Mr. Fuller's academy in Lothbury, he set up in business as an importer of wool and dye-stuffs, also acting as agent for the original family cloth factory. "Starting," writes Mr. Frederick Martin, "with a fixed determination to become rich, and having a fair amount of money to begin with, he was uniformly successful in all his designs. Nothing failed that he undertook, and whatever he touched became gold. Having amassed a fortune by dealing in cloth, wool, and dye-stuffs, he resolved to quintuple the fortune by dealing in money itself—that is, to be a banker. As was natural, the successful man became also the honoured man—a leading director of the East India Company, and the friend and adviser of the Premier, Lord Shelburne, who invariably followed his counsels in matters of finance. After obtaining a seat in Parliament for Exeter, the son of Johan Baring was made a baronet, under patent of May 29th, 1793, by William Pitt, Shelburne's successor in the Government after the short interregnum of the Duke of Portland. Valuing the friendship of the shrewd man of finance, William Pitt, as well as the Earl of Shelburne, listened to the counsel of Sir Francis Baring, both statesmen delighting to style the reputed possessor of two millions on all occasions 'the prince of merchants.'"—*City Press*.